

A N  
E L E G I E  
ON THE DEATH OF  
G E O R G E M O N C K,  
General of His MAJESTY's Forces,  
Duke of ALBEMARLE, &c.

(As it was Presented to the Late, and Most Deserving DUKE His SON.)

Having appear'd about the same time an Extraordinary *STAR* R.

**C**Anthy *Starrs*, Heaven! think thy *MONCK* e're meant  
To seek for *blazing* from thy Firmament?  
Ambitious Snuffs! He needs not them to tell  
He *Great* was, his own *Mettal* sounds that knell,  
Ah long-tayl'd walking Wisps above! ye show  
But by your too much Moon, all's Night below:  
That Flame I doubted was the *Rump* on fire  
(Some Jubile blaze) in th' Air, t' light Him higher:  
When Heavens Christmas Candle's head was light,  
Much did I fear *Great GEORGE*'s onely height  
Could reach such rage, I knew too well hee'd fall,  
When Gods turn'd *Link-boys* for some Funerall.

Dire Death! before thou ne're could'st tyrannize,  
With Him lies more than in the Earth gain lies:  
*England* the worst is past, the *Best* is gone;  
Hereafter thou wilt scarce know how to moan:  
The Plague's a scab to this, his Pile brings more  
Ruine to th' City, than the Fire before.

Brave *Metempsycosis* of *GEORGE* long past,  
Thou but ascend'st to tell us what wee'd lost  
Before thy Birth again; and that no more  
Such Gallantry of Soul has *CHARLES* in store:  
We need not dread more *lightning* in our Skyes,  
*Fove* can but All have for a Sacrifice.

Thrice constant Spirit, thou'rt too Loyal grown;  
(Since *Caesar*'s losfs but Thou with joy could'st crown)  
All-pale and dying Him why leav'dst? did'st fear  
Rebellion once more in the Hemisphere?  
No fire-nos'd *Vulcan* do's in Heaven sit,  
Thou did'st not hope a *Traitor* there to meet:  
A lower Orb for their High-treason's meant,  
Which is as black as are the Harb'ers in't.

Farewell our Magazeen, we're robb'd; in vain  
Mayplund'ed Troups now cry, *Call GEORGE* again.  
Hell upon Earth, or Hell upon Hell! see  
All's *double-grim*! there's not a Century  
But's dy'd again; their former Mourning may  
But be th' Lying to another to day:  
*All Black-Guards now are!* Lo! they ne're were bred  
To fly their Colours, though their General's dead.

Dead; (as I live) yet live in spite of Fate  
He surely must, that could our King create:  
Gods cannot die, and He could be no less,  
Who was th' Guardian to such Sacredness.

Dead! that I were but cloyst' red in his Tomb,  
That he had liv'd, and I enjoy'd his Home:  
Else, since so *Great* and *Good* can have a Pit,  
I wish I (*Russian-like*) had leapt into't:  
Thus, golden Oare (like th' Wiseman's Chymick stone)  
Mixt with my common Sand, had made *Us* one:  
Then (whil'st below Pikes dragging were, Guns dumb,  
With Flags as dismal as their Kettle Drum,)  
How boldly I should have had fir'd my pass,  
'Twixt *Nol* and th' Prince of Air to happiness?

Compendious discipline to worth, wee've seen  
In Him more must' red than the World again:  
He was our Health, to Him our *Lives* we owe;  
Since Fate quell'd Him, We do desire to bow:  
Oh quick some Knife! I'le to his Grave and trye  
My transfus'd blood; if that serve not, I'le die:  
Or bring my Gansa's, I'le to th' Moon; from thence  
To Him in th' Orb Emperial I'le advance:  
These if deny'd, I'le *Mars* invoke, who shall,  
With all the Law of Arms, revenge his Fall.

Ye Destinies, now cut your own threads, dare  
Ye let me live and strike an *Officer*?  
He who before still (like the *Gorgon*'s head)  
Though's Foes not Stone he made, he made as dead:  
Base coward *Atropos*, me thinks I see  
Thee pale, and proud, yet blush at Victory:  
As if some mighty Conquest thou had'st won,  
But that again thou can'st not fairly on:  
Can *MONCK* and truest Valour fail, can He  
Be vanquish'd by a poor *Anatomy*?  
Ha! then I fear our Arms must too lye dead,  
Nor do I wonder since they've lost their Head:  
Who having first his King set on his Throne,  
Took now (too soon) possession of his *Own*.

*Thornburgh Freeman.*

LONDON, Printed by and for Thomas Ratcliffe, and Thomas Daniel, and are to be sold at their House  
in New-street, betwixt Shooe-lane and Fetter-lane. 1670. 61.